

Supporter sole of man above himself ;
 Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a God.
 Religion ! providence ! an after-state !
 Here is firm footing—here is solid rock—
 This can support us—all is sea besides—
 Sinks under us—bestorms, and then devours.
 * His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
 Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps,
 And dungeon-horrors by kind fate discharged,
 Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
 Surrounds him, and elysian prospects rise ;
 His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
 As if new-born he triumphs in the change ;
 So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims
 And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
 Of ties terrestrial set at large, she mounts
 To reason's region, her own element,
 Breathes hopes immortal and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
 And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! there shine
 The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;
 There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
 There nothing but compulsion is forborn.
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
 HE weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
 HE sighs !—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes :
 If in his love so terrible, what then

His wrath inflamed ? his tenderness on fire ;
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
 Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—THOU ! my all,
 My theme, my inspiration, and my crown !
 My strength in age, my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
 My light in darkness, and my life in death !
 My boast through time ! bliss through eternity—
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man—
 To man of men the meanest, even to me !
 My sacrifice ! my GOD ! what things are these !

What then art THOU ? by what name shall I call THEE ?
 Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy
 By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear as that, which, though unspoke
 Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence
 * Is lost in love ! thou great PHILANTHROPIST !
 Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
 Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born !
 THOU ! who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood ;
 How art thou pleased by bounty to distress !
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 Too big for birth ! to favour and confound ;
 To challenge, and to distance all return !
 Lavish of love, stupendous heights to soar
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !
 Thy right too great defrauds THEE of thy due ;

